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THE MERRY FRIAR.

"I am a friar of orders grey.—*Song.*

On one of those warm evenings of July, when indolence reigns triumphant alike over the sun-burnt laborer and the lord for whom he tills and toils, a seek, though humble son of the church, (one of the class denominated mendicant friars, who, in the olden time, had a 'rovin commission' to fight in the good cause of the established faith) was solacing himself in the agreeable shade of wide-spreading elm, which extended its protecting branches over a most inviting nook of green turf, besides which trickled a tiny rivulet;—this worthy priest errant, I say, was solacing himself with cheese of ewe's milk and a dry crust from his scrip, when a young knight, unattended, came slowly winding through the green lane upon his steed; both, in truth, appearing travel-weary.

'Good even to thee, father,' said the knight, courteously accosting the friar.

'Good *knight*,—good even,'—replied the ohter.

'By'r lady!—father, thou hast chosen a cool retreat.'

'And yet it is a marvel, sir knight, that thou shouldst admire that which thy valor would scorn.

'How! what should my valor scorn?'

'Marry, sir knight, a *retreat*, to be sure,' said the friar; 'for of a veriety you of the sword and buckler notoriously prefer the use of your arms to your legs; while we, the servants of the church, have (like scolds) only our tongues for our weapons.'

'Beslrew me, sir friar, but thou art a wag,' cried the knight, 'and I'll have a word with thee.'

'Nay, I pray thee, valiant, have no words with me,' interrupted the friar, 'for I'm inclined to no quarrel; I am a preacher of peace, who am right glad to win a little piece for my preaching.'

'A quarrel!—by my knighthood!—I'm more inclined to rest and good fellowship, holy friar.'

'And by my monkshood! so am I! and yet who shall look upon us twain and aver we are not hostile?' said the friar; 'the merest clown, that had no more brains in his costard than my walking-staff, regarding thy casque and my shaven crown, would, in his obtuse perception, proclaim a difference betwen us; and what's a difference but a quarrel?'

'Nay, then, let's fall to, and fair words for our weapons,' answered the knight, falling in with his humor, and distnounting, seated himself down by the friar.

'Agreed!' quoth the friar; 'and so begins and ends the contest in an—engagement! Now couch thee on this greensward comfortably; and far better is it for thee to be beside me, or even a sane beggar, than beside thyself, for then thou wouldst be mad of a surety.'

'By my fay! an' thou be's not as droll a clerk as ever girded up his loins in sackcloth and hemp. But, father, how fits this humor with thy serious vocation?'

'Truely like a light heart and a clear conscience upon a full stomach. Garb him as ye list, a man's still a man. It's my nature to be blithe; and, therefore, do I hold it sinful to sport a mask of gravity. Some who wear the cowl look upon it as a symbol of *sadness* as well as scantity; for my part I honestly confess I regard my *cowl* only as a *lively-hood* and yet—' continued the friar, with mock-seriousness, placing his palms upon his corporation—'behold how my mirthfulness and good-humor runneth to *waist!* O! it's a sad world we live in, sir knight.'

The knight laughed heartily at the jocose conceits of the jolly friar, and almost imperceptibly began to quibble in the same strain; albeit, he preferred rather to provoke the good-humored garrulity of his companion than to hear himself discourse.

'Only to see how wit engendereth wit,' cried the friar, 'as naturally as bears bear bears, or wolves and churchmen—prey! By St. Mary, sir knight, we are well met, and by thy good-will we'll part not ere we drink a chirping-cup together. A league hence stands an hostelrie, where I propose to spend the night and a mark to boot, for beshrew me and there be not as good a flaggon of wine to be had there as ever made a dull eye or a light heel.'

'Have with thee then;' replied the knight, 'for I lack refection after a hard day's ride; and would fain reach our destination ere nightfall.

'And yet nightfall can have no terrors for thee, for in thy time thou must have seen many a *knight fall* even at noon-day!'

'Ay, truely many a brave knight have I seen cast from his seat, who has borne his discomfiture with a grace and equanimity worthy —'Worthy the *thrown*, naithless,' interposed the friar laughing, 'with nothing but a cracked *crown* to support his dignity withal! And this is what you men of valor term sport. Heaven save me from such jests, quotha! An doughty knight making another appear foolish, wherefore peradventure the king maketh him a foolish peer, and thus the game runs!'

'Nay, I charge thee——'

'Charge me not, I pray thee, sir knight,' quickly retorted the friar, 'for lo! I am unarmed; I bear neither arms nor malice, albeit in a sort, I may myself be termed a *buckler*—seeing that I am a priest of Hymen, and licensed to tack together the sexes.'

'Go to, friar, I am no match for thee.'

'No, by St. Mary! the church allows us no match. The priest tacks, but does not tax himself with a wife.—The progeny of mother church are all children by adoption! But, beseech the, mount, sir knight, and let us jog on; and thanks to thy company that will make a wayfarer's way fairer.'

Having, after a short progress, rendered shorter by the pleasantry of the friar arrived at the aforenamed hostelrie, where the mendicant was instantly recognized and heartily welcomed, the knight provided his steed with good quarters, and a liberal supply of corn, unarmed, and sat down with the friar to the discussion of the promised flagon, which was agreeably accompanied by the corner of a coney pie and the remnant of a delicious pasty, which a healthy appetite gave unusual relish.

Filling a horn with the sparkling wine, the knight said, 'I'll give thee, friar, the Church of England!'

'And I the—*belles!*' replied the friar significantly, quaffing his measure at a single draught; and it was evident enough by the thickness of his speech and the stupid glare of his small grey eyes, that his wit was tottering on the very brink of inebriation.

'I fear me, most delectable friar,' said the knight, who was drooping as fast as his boon companion, 'that thou art incorrigible. Thou wilt assuredly drop into the embraces of sleep with a jest in thy mouth.'

It's all nature—and nature—the force of nature, most valliant knight, is irrestible. I confess my errors—my errors;—and here's a parallel,—a parallel 'twixt my profession and my confession. My profession is—mendicant;—my confession is—*mend I can't!*'

And so saying down rolled the burly friar and the sturdy knight upon the floor of the hostelrie, in the rushes whereof they found a sweet and sound repose.

From the New York Constellation and Atlas.

HURRAH FOR OLD KENTUCK! WHOOP!!!

Here we have it, "on a large scale,"—a roarer from the Salt Licks, chock full of fun and fight, fisting and feeling, frolic and friendliness—all united in one man, and set forth at length in a work just issued by the brothers Harper, entitled, "Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of East Tennessee."

He is a *leetle* the *savagist critter* you ever *did see!* Orson, the wild man of the woods, is nothing to him—not a circumstance—not a huckleberry; and Munchausen, who shot a bear, when all the ammunition he possessed was *two spare flints*, can't hold a candle to the Colonel! He's got the fastest horse, and the prettiest sister, the surest rifle, and the ugliest dog, in the district; and though his father can whip any man in all Kentuck, he can *lick* his father! He can run faster, dive deeper, stay longer under, and come out drier, than any other chap this side the big swamp; and can grin the bark off a tree—*look* a panther to death—*tote* a steamboat on his back—and stand three streaks of lightning without dodging—besides playing at "rough and tumble" with a lion, with an occasional kick from a zebra! To sum up all in one word—*he's a horse!*

The Colonel is a *curis* varmunt! but he's a screamer! Goliah was a pretty hard colt, but the Colonel goes ahead—he takes the rag off! he frightens the old folks—astonishes the natives—and beats the Dutch all to smash! He makes nothing of sleeping under a blanket of snow, and no more minds being frozen than a rotten apple. He lives, moves, rides, walks, runs, swims, fights, hunts, courts, marries, and has children, on a great scale! The same of his farm—the land is so rich, he will tell you, that if you plant tenpenny nails at night, they will sprout crowbars by morning! His neighbors are half horse, half alligator, and a touch of earthquake, with a small sprinkling of the steamboat, besides being of the real meat axe disposition, and always wolfish about the head.

He *liquors* on a glass of "thunder and lightning" that's hotter than tophet, and bites like a rattlesnake; or for *bitters*, sucks away at a noggin of aqua-fortis, sweetened with brimstone, stirred with a lightning rod, and skimmed by hurricane! He walks like an ox, runs like a horse, swims like an eel, yells like an Indian, fights like a devil, spouts like an earthquake, makes love like a mad bull, and can whip his weight in wild cats, or swallow a *nigger* without choking, if you'll butter his head and pin his ears back!

Who has not heard of David Crockett, the very "embodied spirit" of a backwoodsman, and the representative of a class of men now almost extinct even on the western frontier?—Like Mike Fink, the Colonel is the last of the "salt river gentry"—though in him are united many of the features that distinguished Boon and his compatriots, the hardy, fearless Pioneers of "the far West." Abounding in fun, frolic, humor, and eccentricity, he knows no fear, thinks of no danger; generous as a sailor, the stranger never goes from his door hungry, while his house and his influence are ever at the service of his friends.

We have him here, says a contemporary, at full length, delineated by an ameteur who, doubtless like another Boswell, cultivated his acquaintance for the sole purpose of handing his sayings and doings down to posterity. In point of pure unadulterated originality, Col. Crockett unquestionably excels all other men living or dead. His exploits in the noble and warlike amusement of hunting bears; his facility in falling in love extempore; his Dutch stories; his gay, gallant, inexpressible good humor, and his adroitness in sending off a joke or a blow, together with the hardihood, perseverance, and generous confidence in himself which his whole life exhibits, all combined, place him and his biography far above Gulliver, Baron Trenck, Jack the Giant Killer, Captain Kidd, or even the mysterious adventures, murder, &c. of one William Morgan, of antimasonic memory! Calvin Edson, the Siamese Twins, the Wandering Piper, or even Black Hawk himself, can't *begin* with Davy Crockett.

He is himself alone! Your "poets" your "National Gallery" heroes, and your little great men who figure in magazines and newspapers, and your mighty authors, who mounted on the back of a mighty English critic, like King Perus on his elephant—thunder along towards a nine days immortality. Stuff! we are as tired of these as of raw head and bloody bones stories—Peter Parley's—Tom Cringle's Logs—Travels in Italy or the United States. But here we have something a splinter new—a hero of an entire new school—the school of Nimrod Wildfire.

If ever a man deserved immortality, it is David Crockett; and if ever man had a biographer predestined from the beginning of the world—at least of the new world—to confer it upon him, it is the identical David Crockett, late member for the district of Harrycanes, and veritable owner of the unerring rifle commodly called "Betsey."

RUNNING DOWN A BOASTER.

A country fellow was one day boasting about the swiftness of his horse, and declared he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbor of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule?" said the boaster—"I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boastsr begun to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner would'nt plank a hundred dollars to run against a horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand into his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last said—"I don't know, I swow, about that tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out then?"

"Yes, I back out, and treat." So saying, he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat any thing which went upon four legs, except the mule.

"Why," said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done?" said the other.

And "done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster—"So I will plaguy quick"—taking out his pocket-book.

"Well cover it, if you dare—and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say.

"I don't know, faith. I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate—"he may be the devil and all upon a race, for what I know."

"Do you flunk out then?"

"Yes, I flummux this time; but, by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring, except the jackass and the mule, but what my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so faith."

"Why, if you're not qute certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a negro that will outrun him."

"A nigger?"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him!"

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that—there aint no nigger that ever breathed, that can beat my horse."

"very well—cover that." As he said this the man once more put down the hundred dollars. But, said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars, and if I back out I'll do the same."

"Agreed," said the boaster—"I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or a jackass."

"Well, plank the money, if you please."

"Plank it? so I will—don't you fear that." Saying this, he once more took out his pocketbook, and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other' taking out more money—for I'm ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred, if you like it. Come! why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, like a stuck pig—"three hundred dollars upon a nigger!—I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you're not a going to get frightened again?"

"Frightened!—Oh!—no—oh, no—it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out."

"I declare, neighbor, I don't know what to think about it. It's a kind o' risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars then?"

"Why, yes, I spose I must," said the boaster, handing over the money, with an air of great mortification—"better to lose this than more; for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But any thing else you can bring, except the mule, the jackass, and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."

[N. Y. Con.]

A PIG STORY.

To a person failing in business the law of this Commonwealth allows, as is well known, the privilege of keeping to himself, secure from the clutches of the Sheriff, certain articles of household furniture, a cow, pig, &c. A person in this vicinity once having the misfortune to "fail," was blest in the possession of a beautiful pig, weighing four hundred pounds. This he looked upon as his own, in spite of his creditors. Alas, poor man! he was not an adept in *Yankee tricks*. One of his creditors having set his heart upon heaving the fat "porker," consulted his lawyer and the result was a third person; a man employed for the occasion with instructions &c., was soon after seen attempting to drive a poor skeleton of a pig, past the dwelling house of the man whose sty contained the lusty "porker." Some how or other the little shrivelled up animal all at once became "desperately obstinate." Characteristic of the whole "swinish multitude," it would neither be driven nor coaxed one inch farther. The driver affected to be mighty mad and out of all patience. He declared he would give the good-for-nothing little contrary thing away, if any body would take the gift of him. "Here," said he to the man who had the fat pig, "take him and throw him over into your sty, you may have him and welcome." The unsuspecting man did accordingly, and accordingly the Sheriff (who was all prepared and waiting for the occasion,) in a few moments drove off the pig of four hundred, in triumph.—[Haverhill (Mass.) Iris.]

The Sailor Preacher of Boston. A writer in the Western Monthly Magazine for August, thus graphically describes the Rev. Mr. Taylor's manner of preaching:—

Much has been done to improve the character of seamen; much to cultivate the peculiar excellencies of their temper, and make them more like men and christians. The Rev. Mr. Taylor, settled, I believe, in Boston, has been very active in this good work. He was once a sailor himself, he knows their wants, he knows how to address them; he is liberal, honest, and powerful; and I am told his influence upon the character of the mariners at that port is already visible. I once heard him preach to them; he represented us as on board a ship in a tempest; with really wonderful power he painted the coming on of the storm—the sky is hid; the ocean awakes; all is made fast; but the tempest becomes every moment more violent; the sails are torn from the yards; the masts are cut away; the ship settles down, as the waves break over her. "And now," he said, in that low, calm, distinct tone, that goes more home to the soul than any other, "now, my friends, that our canvass is gone, not a spar left for a jury mast, and the leak gaining upon us, what shall we do? Hark! do you hear the waters as they rush below?—Do you not see her settle by the head? Do you not hear her tremble?" And now he leaned forward, and gradually raised his voice, till it seemed almost to bespeak agony. "One moment more, fellow sailors, and this good ship of our's will sink into the deep; a moment more, and we that have laughed, and sung, and made merry within the hour, will be struggling with the eternal waves; but we shall swim and struggle in vain? we must die, if there be no help at hand; and is there none?—is there no way of escape?—save yourselves, save yourselves if you can." It was enough—I saw twenty arms thrown up, as if to catch at a rope, and an old grey headed sinner by my side hung on to the bannisters, and trembled more by half than he would have done, had he indeed been wrecked. After a moment's pause, in a low, distinc tone, the preacher continued: "Yes, fellow mariners, you may be saved; you may escape; there is a life boat at hand; seize upon it and make it yours and live—that life boat is Jesus Christ."

REMEDIES FOR AN INFLUENZA.

A country apothecary, in the course of conversation told a gentleman that he had been visiting three or four patients in a neighboring village, who were ill of an influenza.

"Pray," said the gentleman, "how do you medical gentlemen treat that complaint?"

"Why," replied the apothecary, "there is no saying how the physicians treat it, for some of them order one thing, and some of them another; but the surgeons generally *bleed* for it; and—as for us apothecaries—we *drench!*"

"Aye' that's natural enough," said the gentleman, smiling; "but you know I once studied physic myself, and have some general notions on the subject; so when this epidemic began among my servants and tenants, I ventured to prescribe barley-water for them."

"Barley-water!" cried the apothecary, with disdain, "you might as well have ordered them water gruel!"

"I might so, for which reason I gave them the choice; and what do you think was the effect?"

'Why, barley-water and water-gruel could have no effect," said the apothecary.

"It is difficult to ascertain what is the *effect* of *many things* that are prescribed; but I can at least tell you what was the *consequence!*"

"That is the same thing," said the apothecary.

"Not quite," replied the gentleman, "though, in the practice of physic, the one is often mistaken for the other."

"Well, what was the consequence?"

"Why, they all recovered!"

The apothecary, having remarked that there was "a great difference in constitutions," took his leave abruptly.—[Dr. Moore.]

Fire Proof Cement.—The French cement for the roofs of houses, to preserve the wood and protect it from fire, is made in the following manner:

Take as much lime as is usual in making a pot full of white wash, and let it be mixed in a pail of water, in this put two and a half pounds of brown sugar, and 3 pounds of fine salt; mix them well together, and the cement is completed. A little lamp black, yellow ochre, coloring commodity, may be introduced to change the color of the cement, to please the fancy of those who use it. It has been used with success, and been recommended particularly as a protection against fire. Small sparks of fire that frequently lodge on the roofs of houses, are prevented by this cement from burning the shingles. So cheap and valuable a precaution against the destructive element ought not to pass untried. Those who wish to be better satisfied of its utility can easily make the experiment, by using it on a small temporary building—or it may be tried by shingles put together for the purpose, and then exposed to the fire.

[Rail Road Journal.]

RECIPE. Among the recipes which we have seen in the newspapers lately, for various purposes is the following; *for making an earthquake:*

"Take ten pounds of flour of sulphur, and ten pounds of iron filings; knead them together with water to the consistency of dough, and bury the mass eight or ten feet in the ground. In a few hours it will take fire, and cause an artificial earthquake."

Thus it would seem, with not much trouble, we might have a comfortable earthquake at any time.

Original Anecdote. An old lady whose fidelity to her only son, in his younger days, was far from being oppressive, recently experienced the sad consequences of his elopement. While a friend was endeavoring to console her, she said, "I've often thought of this passage of scripture, but never thought I should realize it," "*Train up a child, and away he'll go.*" [Bunker Hill Aurora.]

Extraordinary Sheep Story. A late Plymouth (England) Journal has the subjoined strange account:—

On Friday, as four men were sheep-shearing at Radford, England, they discovered a bird's nest completely embedded in the wool on the back of one of the sheep. Not the least doubt is entertained of its having been built there; and what is still more extraordinary, the nest had every appearance of the young birds having been hatched and fledged in it. The men suppose it to be a linnet's nest.

Laziness begat wearisomeness—and this put men in quest of diversions, play and company, on which, however, it is a constant attendant; he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

GAMBLING IN VIRGINIA.

This evil has reached an enormous hieght in the Old Dominion. The Richmond Compiler considers them an organized body raising funds and sending deputations into all the towns in Virginia, and to the Court Houses of the different counties on their respective court days. A party only two or three in number, have within the last week or two, visited Lynchburg and taken away with them *twenty thousand dollars*, the prise money of their adventure. Their head quarters are in Richmond. The paper just named gives the following remarkable communication from a reformed gamester, of the general accuracy of which we entertain no doubt. It bears the marks of truth on its face:— [Boston Mer. Jour.

I was born in the county of Orange, in the year 1798; my parents died when I was between 19 and 20 years of age, and on a division of the estate, after selling off all that belonged to it, the portion which fell to my share was $8,275 86, which the executor paid me in cash and bonds, in the 22d year of my age My first object was to turn my bonds into cash, and then to get me a wife, both of which I accomplished in the 22d year of my age, having married the eldest daughter of Mr.——of the county of Spottsylvania, who a few weeks after gave me a check on the bank of Virginia for $3000, knowing it was my intention to locate myself in this place for the purpose of engaging in merchandize. This added to what remained of my own legacy, made me a capital of $10,500, which I opened, as I thought, a splendid Grocery, and soon commenced selling very rapidly; but unfortunately for me, I trusted too much in the country, and neglected my collections until I found myself getting behind hand. This at first caused me many restless nights, but I was some relieved by some good friends, who advised me to drown dull care in a glass of brandy, which I determined to try. I then commenced making my daily visits to an oyster house, where I met many friends, (or those who pretended to be such) by whom I was very soon invited from thence to a Faro Bank. The first night I won $25, which relieved my mind very much thinking it would balance my brandy account. I then determined that I would go no more, but I had got so fond of running to the oyster house every day, that I found it impossible to break off; particularly as it afforded a temporary antidote to the Blue Devils.

So I continued my visits, until my brandy account had got so large that I determined to try my luck afterwards again. I set out, and about 2 o'clock the next morning settled up and found myself $10 gainer, which did not pay the brandy account; but I had no doubt that in a few nights more I should have enough to balance it, and have some to spare. In this way, I became a regular visiter to those hells almost every night, leaving a sick wife at home in bed, until I found I had lost several thousand dollars, which I knew must ruin me, unless I could win it back. Buoyed up with the hope of doing so, I continued my visits until I found that all the goods I had left would not pay my just debts; so I determined to sell out.—The proceeds of my sale with all debts due, left me behind hand about $2,500, and how to pay this I knew not; but after several days of painful reflection, I determined, unknown to my wife, for the purpose of raising a stake, to go to the Faro again, to make a conditional sale to a negro buyer, of a favorite house-maid given her by her father, and by this means got the sum of $300. And off I went to the Faro again, and before the next morning had not one dollar; in consequence I was compelled the next day to confirm the sale of the girl; and when she was taken from the house, the distress it occasioned my poor wife and children would have almost brought tears from the eyes of a savage.

I determined then to end my existence by a dose of laudanum, and bought an ounce for that purpose; but my heart failed, me and I threw it away, determined to try and reform, for the sake of my dear wife and children, whom I had brought to beggary by my imprudence, and who are now dependant on her father for their daily bread.

But with my ill fate, I have the consolation of reflecting that I have seen the error of my ways. During the time that I was in the habit of visiting the Faro Bank, a youth from the county of Gloucester was sent up here by his father, to sell the only litle negro boy he had, for the purpose of discharging an execution against him. In trying to effect a sale, he fell in with some-black legs, who kindly offered to assist him in doing so. This offer was accepted, and sale was soon made. He was taken to an oyster house and treated, and from thence to a Faro Bank, where he was swindled out of every cent. He then sold his horse, saddle, and bridle, and returned to the Faro Bank, and they swindled him out of that. They then started him home on foot, and on reaching his father's house, he found the old man in the field at work. This was more than he could stand, and he deliberately took down a rifle and shot the ball through his own head. The first knowledge the father had of his return, was the sight of his lifeless body.

Col, Crockett's Dinner with President Adams.—"The first thing I did," said Davy, "after I got to Washington, was to go to the President's. I stepped into the President's house—thinks I, who's afeared? If I did'nt I wish I may be shot, Says I 'Mr. Adams, I'm Mr. Crocket, from Tennesse,' 'So,' says he, 'how d'ye do Mr. Crocket?" and he shook me by the hand, although he know'd I went the whole hog for Jackson. If he did'nt I wish I may be shot. Not only that, but he sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. (Here the printed ticket was exhibited for the admiration of the whole company.) I went to dinner, and I walked all round the long table, looking for something that I liked. At length I took my seat beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I had'nt took three bites, when I looked away up the table at a man they called *Tash*, (Attache.) He was talking French to a woman on t'other side of the table. He dodged his head and she dodged her's, and then they got to drinking wine across the table. But when I looked back again my plate was gone goose and all. So I just cast my eyes down to t'other end of the table, and sure enough. I seed a white man walking off with my plate. I say, Hello, mister, bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry as you may think: and when he set it down before me, how do you think it was? Licked as clean as my hand. If it was'nt I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What will you have sir?' And says I, 'You may well ask that after stealing my goose.' And he began to laugh. Then says I, Mister, laugh if you please; but I do'nt half like such tricks upon travellers,' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens; and whenever I looked down the table I held on to my plate with my left hand. When we were all done eating, they cleared every thing off the table, and took away the table cloth. And what do you think? There was another cloth underneath it. If there was'nt I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along carrying a great glass thing with a glass handle below, something like a candlestick. It was stuck full of little glass cups, with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I 'Mister bring that thing here.'—Thinks I, let's taste them first. They were mighty sweet and good—so I took six of 'em. If I did'nt I wish I may be shot.

Anecdotes of the Penobscots. They are extremely indolent, so much so, that we are told by the Rev Mr. Conway, (the Catholic priest among them) that although the whites in the vicinity had ploughed and planted some of their land, yet they never *hoed* the potatoes, but clawed up most of them, with their hands, before they were half grown; to this trait may be ascribed the slow progress they make towards civilization—they are too lazy to learn.

It is well known that their canoes, being made of birch are extremely light, and thus it is a very ticklish matter for one not accustomed to them, to keep the centre of gravity below the proper point, this they can do to perfection in ordinary cases, but a party of them having drank too much *okhabee*, and being in a part of the river where the current was rapid, were upset, and one of their number, *who was lame*, was drowned, the others scrambled ashore.—After the fumes of liquor had somewhat passed off, one *old* head, in alluding to their accident, spoke thus—*Spose Indian he drink too much okhabee—he get drunk—then he crooked leg—he cant swim—why let him dead.* Thus implying that the lame fellow had no right, or that it was not prudent for him, to drink—a very logical conclusion truly.

Good on yonr Head, is quite a common phrase among us "down East," used to imply satisfaction, or in the bestowal of praise. A gentleman of our acquaintance was one evening sitting in his store at Old Town, when one of their little *pappooses* entered, and accosting him said, *W——you have 'em card?*—No, was the abrupt answer—*Good on your head.*

The gentleman who furnished us the above anecdote, has lived some time in the vicinity of these Indians, and in the transaction of business with them has had occasion to learn their method of counting, which, as it is somewhat *odd*, we herewith present—observing however that the orthography is arbitrary with us, and only adopted to convey the sound. *Pasique, neise, nasse, yeou, polingniese, nergwithius, seusorique, norrugh, tambaween, medallagh,* being ten, which is as far as they can enumerate.

A party of these Indians about a year ago, encamped in the vicinity of Belfast (at the mouth of the Penobscot) where the police laws are strictly enforced against drunkards. One of them, Joe Mitchell, having taken too much *okhabee*, was lodged in jail till its effects should subside. It happened that the writer took a stroll to their encampment the next day, and having sat down upon a log was joined by an old Indian, when the following conversation took place—*What for you put 'em Joe in jail?* because he drank too much rum, and that's against our laws—*you have 'em law so?* yes—*then what for you sell 'em okhabee?* This, like the subject matter discussed, was a "staggerer," and percerving we did not answer it very readily, the Indian said—well *white man come here—he don't walk straight—we ty him to tree*, and then added,—*Jo too much he love 'em okhabee, but white man, too much he love 'em sell.* We thought this almost as good a censure upon the practice of selling rum, as that of *no place to catch beaver in* was upon the law of imprisonment for debt.—*Bangor Courier.*

A letter from Combahee, S. C. describing the late meteoric phenomenon, contains the following account of the alarm produced among the negroes:

Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes of three plantations, which in all is about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause, I heard a faint voice near the door calling my name.—I rose, and taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice beseeching me to rise, and saying "O my God, the world is on fire." I then opened the door; and it is difficult to say which excited me most—the awfulness of the scene, or the distressed cries of the negroes; upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with the bitterest cries, but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker, than meteors fell to the earth. East, West, North and South it was the same. I endeavored by all possible means to compose the people, who supposed it to be the stars falling.

Enterprise of a Colored Man, James Forten of Philadelphia, is said to be worth $100,000, though not possesed of a dollar at twenty one years of age. He served his time at the sail making business, in which he employes over twenty hands, mostly colored persons, who cost him 10,000 dollars a year. He is rather an old gentleman, and was in the state-house yard in Philadelphia, when the Declaration of Independence was read. He fought in the Revolution, and is said to have been some months confined on board the famous old Jersey prison ship, where so many Americans died, and of which a curious account has recently been given (published by William Peirce) by Mr. Andros of Berkly, who was also on board. The private character of Mr. Forten is spoken of as highly respectable. [Mer. Journal.

RETURN OF CAPTAIN ROSS.

Late arrivals from England bring the pleasing intelligence of the safe arrival at London of Capt. Ross and his crew, after an absence of several years, during which time he has been engaged in searching for a N. W. passage.—Painful apprehensions were entertained respecting the safety of Capt. Ross and his crew.—Their safe arrival had caused quite an agreeable sensation in England. We copy from London papers a brief sketch of the voyage.

In 1829, Captain Ross fitted out an expedition, with the view to determine the practicability of a new passage which had been confidently stated to exist, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet, and, that in consequence of the loss of the foremost of his vessels, the Victory, he was obliged to refit at Wideford, in Greenland. The accout of his departure from thence on the 27th of July, 1829, formed the last authentic intelligence received of the expedition, until the commander and crew were picked up by the Isabelle, of Hull, Capt. Ross's old ship.

By Capt. Ross' account, it appears that the first season, (that of 1829) was the mildest that had ever been experienced during any preceding voyage. On the 15th of August, Capt Ross reached the spot where the stores of the Fury were; landed without experiencing any difficulty, and there he found the provisions, &c., but not the wreck which had totally disappeared. Having supplied all his wants at this depot, he advanced to the lat. of 72 deg. North. Here he was for the first time seriously impeded by ice; but after examining an inlet, he proceeded to urge his way to the southward, as near the west shore as the shallowness of the water permitted, and occasionally landed to take possession of the newly discovered region for the British crown, with the usual ceremony. Having experienced several almost miraculous escapes from shipwrecks, they ultimately succeeded in reaching the 70 deg. of lat. in a direction nearly due south of Fury Point, where their course was arrested by an impenetrable barrier of ponderous ice. In a harbor which they found at this extreme point they wintered.

In January, 1830, they opened a communication with a tribe of natives, who had never before held intercourse with strangers. Friendship was soon formed between them and the tars, and the first winter, which was not very severe, was spent pleasantly. Having learned from the natives that the east sea was divided from the west by a neck of land, the point was examined, and all hopes of effecting a passage in that direction completely extinguished.

During the autumn of 1830, the voyagers waited in vain for the ice to dissolve, as it had done the preceding year. They had not, with great exertion, proceeded more than four miles (retracing their course) when they were arrested, in a very dreary position, by the approach of a winter, unparalleled in severity—the lowest temperature being 92 degrees below the freezing point. The summer proving no less rigorous for the season, little hope was entertained of a release, and a further progress of fourteen miles was all they could accomplish.

In October, 1831, the ship was laid up in the harbor in the harbor in which she at present lies moored, and where the party endured the rigors of another year. Their provisions being consumed, they had now no alternative but to abandon the vessel and proceed to the spot where the Fury's provisions still remained—a direct distance of 200 miles, which was increased by one half in consequence of the circuitous route which the ice obliged them to take.—They accordingly left the Victory in May, 1832, and after a journey of uncommon labor and hardship, reached Fury Beach in the month of July. They had not only to carry their provisions and sick, but also a supply of fuel, for without melting snow they could not procure even a drink of water.

They repaired the Fury's boats and attempted to escape; but it was September before they reached Leopold's Island, which they have fully established to be the N. E. point of America. Here they vainly waited for the ice to break. Winter set in and they had no choice left but to retrace their steps, and spend another inclement season in canvass huts covered with snow. They had no beds, clothing or animal food.—Capt. Ross says that their suffering cannot be completely submitted to the public, for it could not be believed what they had undergone.—The ice opened on the 14th of August, and on the same day that Capt. Humphrey's, in the Isabella, tried to reach Leopold's Island they arrived there.

Captain Ross was the first to descry the welcome topsails; being at first uncertain, he prudently concealed his hopes until he had distinctly ascertained with his glass that he was not mistaken, and then he communicated to all the glad tidings of approaching deliverance. When they were first seen from the Isabella, they were mistaken for the whale boats of another ship lately in company, and the Isabelle continued her course down the Inlet, but, fortunately, it became calm, and this enabled Capt. Ross's party to near the ship, when they were distinctly seen they had the happiness to see her lie to for them, and were most kindly received by their wondering and delighted men.

The circumstance that Capt. Ross was rescued by the ship he commanded in 1818, is a curious and happy conclusion of the voyage, the result of which has been to establish, that *there is no new (N. W.) passage south of 74 deg.*

The country they discovered, which is larger than Great Britain, has been named Boothea, after Felix Booth Esq. Sheriff of London in 1829, who much assisted Capt. Ross in fitting out the expedition.

Captain James C. Ross, the nephew of the commander, penetrated 200 miles into the interior, guided by the Esquimaux, and discovered the Magnetic Pole about 70 30 min. N. lat., 96 W. lon., on which he placed the British flag, taking possession of the spot in the name of the King.

Only three men died during the voyage, two of whom were men whose constitutions were unfit for the climate.

Capt. Ross and his nephew reached London after being received throughout their whole progress from the North of England, where they landed from the Orkneys, with acclamations, ringing of bells and every sign of rejoicing.—They had dined with the king, by whom they were most warmly welcomed, and from the heads of the admiralty, and in every other quarter had received the most gratifying reception. So incredulous was the public of the possibility of his having returned in safety, that when the news of it reached London it was taken as a hoax.

There is a letter from Capt. Back, who has gone in pursuit of Capt. Ross and his companions, in the London papers, dated 18th June, *from Norway house, Jack River*, where he was making preparations to insure a safe transport of his boats, crews, &c. to a wintering ground.

Despatches for him, announcing the safe return of Capt. Ross, have been received at the New York Post Office, and forwarded through the agency of the Hudson Bay Company.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 10, 1833.

The opposition are entertaining their readers with most doleful stories about the bankruptcy of the Post Office Department. The country has been ruined so many times under Jackson's administration, that any embarrassment in one of the departments must be a mere trifling affair hardly worth mentioning. So slight an evil as this can hardly be felt under an administration which has preserved the country in a state of unparallelled prosperity, notwithstanding the ruin that has been so repeatedly brought upon it by the frustration of the mad schemes of disaffected politicians. Ours is indeed a most obstinate country to continue to prosper after having been so often ruined. Some fears may be entertained, when we look back upon the scenes through which we have passed, lest this department should continue to flourish, notwithstanding the bankruptcy with which the opposition have so kindly visited it. In is not the first shock of the kind which it has had to sustain, and the fond hopes and anticipations of those who delight in predicting the ruin of their country may again be deceived. The amount of insolvency is not yet agreed upon by the opposition but ranges from eighty to eight hundred thousand dollars. One would think that if these gentlemen had any regard for their own reputation or wished to entitle themselves to the confidence of their readers they would have waited for the official information, which will soon be laid before the public, and from which all will be enabled to judge of the condition of this and all the other departments of the government.—Had the opposition any hope or even desire of having their complaints and accusations believed it would naturally be supposed that they would hesitate at making them before, if not evidence or at least probability was furnished of the existence of the evils alleged. But this recklessness has become so notorious that even their warmest friends must receive even the truth with doubt and hesitation. If they can deceive any it must be those who wish to be deceived.

While the success of the present administration and the prosperity which the country enjoys under it are disarming the opposition of the honest portion of the community who were unfriendly to the election of Gen. Jackson, the "nationals" are endeavoring to fill their ranks with the disaffected, who have been disappointed in their schemes of ambition or punished for misconduct. They exult loudly in every such accession of congenial spirits, and overthrow the administration on paper and ruin the country every little while, doubtless to the great satisfaction of their readers. These deserters are talked about for a time by the opposition as martyrs to their principles, though their conduct shows that their principle is only selfishness or the love of office. But they are soon forgotten and sink beneath even the contempt of the opposition who cannot but despise the traitors though they love the treason. They lift up their hands with holy horror when a man, who has been or is a supporter of the present administration, is removed from office for unfaithfulness or misconduct in the discharge of his duty. They are astonished that a man should be removed for dishonesty while he is or professes to be a supporter of the party in power. They seem to think that the offences of such should be winked at or left to be exposed by the succeeding administration. It may be at variance with the principles acted upon by the late administration, but the people did not change men for the purpose of continuing the same measures. They are not willing that past services or reputation should shield the dishonest or corrupt. This is a part of that reform which the opposition hold in so much contempt.

The President's Message was received too late for insertion in this week's paper. Mr. Steverson is elected Speaker. Walter S. Franklin of Pennsylvania on the third ballot was elected Clerk by the following vote:—Walter S. Franklin had 117 votes. Mathew St. Clair Clark had 110.

REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS.

	Mason,	Washburn	Scatt.
19 Towns in our last,	947	427	146
Newry,	25	2	2
Gilead,	20	10	2
Greenwood,	75	5	1
Wilton,	69	22	23
Leeds,	31	56	17
Hamlin's Grant,	5		
Andover,	27	50	
Waterford,	45	40	
	1244	606	191

[From the Age.]

The executive Council convened on Monday last, for the purpose of examining the returns of votes for Senators. We succeeded last evening, in obtaining the results. They are as follows:—

VOTES FOR SENATORS.
OFFICIAL CANVASS

	Republican.		*Federalist*	
York County.	Cogswell,	3736	Porter,	2163
	Pease,	3062	Putnam	2111
	Bradbury,	3064	Lincoln,	2162
Scattering, 276.	Of the scattering, 219 were for Chas. M. Cogswell			
Cumberland County.	Cobb,	4356	Gerrish,	3290
	Howard,	4360	Perley,	3299
	Pierce,	4321	Grosvener,	3255
	Smith,	4369	Packard,	3269
Scattering, 30.				
Lincoln County.	Groton,	3356	Randall,	2479
	Manning,	3365	Barnard,	2499
	Labatee,	3274	Herrick,	2490
	Frye,	3264	M Lellan,	2476
Scattering, 2635.	Of the scattering, 1177 were for the Anti-Masonic candidates.			
Kennebec County.	Baker,	2636	Prescott,	3433
	Gram,	2642	Emmons,	2462
	Shaw,	2645	Farnham,	3455
Scattering, 1733	Of the scattering, 1715 were for the Anti-Masonic candidates.			
Waldo County.	Williamson,	1787	Ide,	593
	Knowlton,	1770	Haskell,	551
Scattering, 695.	Of the scattering, 730 were for the Anti-Masonic candidates.			
Hancock & Washington Counties.				
Western District.	Allen,	872	Pond,	574
Scattering, 3				
Middle District.	Bridgeham,	895	Hill,	634
Scattering, 20.				
Eastern District.	Bridges,	489	Fuller,	538
Scattering 634—of these, 609 for Anson G. Chandler. No choice.				
Penobscot County.	Kelsey,	3111	Gilman,	1473
	Rogers,	3136	French,	1527
Scattering 538—of these, 437 for Anti-Masonic candidates				
Somerset County.	Porter,	5344	Read,	1862
	Farnsworth,	2403	Warren,	1848
Scattering 532—of these, 486 for Anti-masonic candidates.				
Oxford County,	Tobin,	3187	Bradford,	1597
	Brown,	3158	Wyman,	1575
Scattering 504—of these, 479 for Anti-Masonic candidates.				

Republicans elected, 21—Federalists do. 3—One vacancy.

In looking over the list of Representatives elected to the State Legislature, so far as we have received the names of the members elect, we were struck with the fact that out of the large Republican majority in the house there appears to be only *three* lawyers. The federalists, in the county of Kennebec alone, have sent into the house no less than *five* members of the profession. We were also amused at another fact disclosed by the list. Out of the six or eight members in the house supposed to be devoted to Mr. Preble's interests, two, or one third, or a quarter at least, are young Lawyers. We have always repudiated the idea, as

anti-republican and unjust, that a man's calling should be held either to qualify or disqualify him for office, but to Mr. Preble it must be very distressing to find a quarter or a third of his whole strength in the house made up of a class so peculiarly obnoxious to him as he *professes* that the Young Lawyers to be.—[Argus.

Congressional Campaign.—The Nullifiers, notwithstanding Dr. Cooper's efforts, have too much self respect and consistency yet to come out in favor of re-chartering the Bank. As the federal friends of the Bank can do nothing unassisted, it is believed they will not at this session make any effort to have it re-chartered, but will direct their utmost exertions to bear upon the question of the Deposits. It is thought that the Nullifiers may be brought to act with them on this point, though they would decline uniting with their Northern allies on the question of a re-charter.

Should the friends of the Bank succeed in passing a resolution to restore the Deposits, they they think very justly that the main point would be gained. Indeed it would be next to impossible to prevent a re-charter of the Institution, if, at this late day, it should be made the depository of the public monies. The friends of the Administration in Congress will, we doubt not, take care that the wily scheme of the Bank does not succeed. Under the garb of the Deposit question, they will not fail to see the question of a re-charter; and, as they have the necessary strength, the people expect them to put their veto upon the Bank's movements in the outset.—[Augusta Age.]

Third Term. A Philadelphia paper intimated that General Jackson, under certain circumstances, might be induced to run again for the Presidency. It is undoubted that the intimation was entirely unauthorized. The bound has been wisely set, and Gen. Jackson would be the last to break over it.—An attempt was made to induce Mr. Jefferson to be a candidate for a third time, and he was even nominated by one or two Legislatures, but the proposition failed of general support, and would never, we have good reason to believe, have been acceeded to by that distinguished man.—[Ib.]

OXFORD DISTRICT.

The second trial for a choice of member of Congress for Oxford, took place on the 25th.—We learn that Dr. Mason the regular candidate of the the republican party has been elected. We are rejoiced to hear of his success. It will be a finishing stroke to the faction that has been attempting the overthrow of the republican party.—[Maine Dem.

THE NEW ATTORNEY GENERAL AND HIS POLITICS.

Many of the opposition papers speak in the highest terms of Mr. Butler. They all acknowledge his private worth and professional distinction. The N. Y. American speaks in the most flattering terms of his talents, acquistions, and personal virtues, but objects to his political views as being tinctured with the doctrines of the Virginia School. To the complaints and apprehensions of the American, Mr. Ritchie replies as follows:— [Argus.]

Mr. Butler is said to be a proselyte to the Va. Creed. And so far the N. Y. American may be right. But it is mistaken in supposing, that that School has been crushed, by the Proclamation, or any other cause. Its Creed is equally averse to *Consolidation* and *Nullification*—and it defends both the *Rights* and the *Union of the States*. It discards all the false glosses of the Supreme Court—the sophistry of Mr. Calhoun and his school—and the doctrinal points, as they were originally understood by many persons to be found in the Proclamation. The late exposition in the Globe has cleared up several of those points. We have every reason to believe, that Mr. Butler concurs with Virginia in her views of the Constitution.

ROADS. The following Resolve was passed by the Legislature last winter. The Age states that about 100 towns and plantations have as yet made no returns. Although the time mentioned in the Resolve is past, the returns may yet be made; and as it is important that the Legislature have full information to enable them to act understandingly upon this subject, it is to be hoped that those town officers who have as yet been negligent of their duty will redeem the time by performing it now. Hall. Advocate.

Resolved, That the Selectmen of the several towns and the Assessors of the several plantations and the Mayor of the city of Portland be required to transmit to the Legislature, on or before the first day of October next, a statement of the sums expended in labor and in cash, in making, repairing, and maintaining Roads and Bridges therein, during five years, commencing on the first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and ending on the thirty-first day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, and what price was allowed for labor, upon an average, during said time.

A Somnambulist. The Springfield, Mass. Republican relates some wonderful stories of a girl in that town who talks, works, sings and preaches in her sleep. It is said she will read any book perfectly well with her eyes shut and bandaged. Suppose they slip an iron pot over her head and try her on a Greek manuscript. Indeed we should like to try her on some *English* manuscript we have seen, with her eyes shut or open, just as she likes. She might be a great acquisition to printers.

Some twenty years ago there was a girl in the interior of New York named Rachel Baker, who preached in her sleep. Thousands went to hear her—the house was full every night. This did not disconcert her in the least. Her sleeping apartment opened into a large room to accommodate the multitude. She would elbow her way through the gaping crowd, and on with her nightcap, go to bed and fall asleep with all convenient expedition, a violent paroxism would come over, and in a few minutes she would be preaching and exhorting like fury. But she never pretended to read with her eyes shut.

Snow has fallen in New York and the western part of Massachusetts and Vermont, so as to make good sleighing. We have had a small sprinkling on the Kennebec; so as to bring out the sleighs, but the harsh discord of the runners chime badly with the merry music of the bells. The rain of Sunday has left the ground nearly bare. [Kenn. Journal.

American Almanac for 1834.—We have received a copy of this valuable work, and can speak of its utility without any compunctious visitings. It contains 336 pages of valuable information. Geography, astronomy, statistical facts &c. making it highly valuable as a book of reference. It includes a list of the principal State and national offices, Courts, colleges, schools, the tariff law, rates of postage, and other things too many to ennumerate. It is published at Cambridge, Mass. under the superintendence as we learn of Professor Farrar, and may be as much relied upon for its accuracy as the nature of the case will admit. [Ib.

A serious riot occurred in Charlestown, Mass. on Thursday evening, between a party of Irishmen and Townsmen, which resulted in the death of one man and the serious injury of several others. The person killed was Mr. Benj. Daniels, a Blacksmith, of Charlestown; he was most shockingly bruised. The origin of the affray was a ball given by some Irish families, which a party of Americans determined to break up "for sport," The result is seen.—But it did not end here. The next evening about 500 Americans assembled to pull down the house where the ball was held, and commenced operations with fire hooks, axes, &c. The noise roused the citizens, who went to the assistance of the proper authorities, and did all in their power to quell the rioters. A company of mariners was ordered from the Navy Yard, which kept the mob in awe, as long as they remained. After this company retired, the mob reassembled, and finished tearing down the building in spite of the endeavors to prevent it. [Maine Dem.

MAINE TIMBER LANDS.

We are happy to see that the public in other States are begining to come to something like just views of the Timber Lands of our State. The following article from the Newburyport Herald has some good sense in it.—[Argus.]

Sales of Eastern Lands.—We occasionally notice in the Eastern papers, accounts of sales of land on the Penobscot, from which it appears that those lands are steadily rising in price as their value becomes duly appreciated. Some people however in the supremacy of their ignorance, talk of speculations in wild lands, as they would of buying into South sea stock, or any other bubble which has burst and blown off. Now there is not the most distant analogy. The fact that lands now selling for 2, 3, and 4 dollars an acre could be bought, five years ago, for 25 cents or a dollar, shows only that those lands were formerly exceedingly underrated, and not that they are now overrated. It is probably true that some tracts have been sold at something above their real value—being poorly timbered, and not easily accessible. But it is no less true, that many other tracts have been sold at an immense bargain; and that chances of safe and profitable investments there are yet good.

The Down Easters, by John Neal—is a strange book, resembling the former prodctions of the same author, and resembling nothing else. It is as difficult to describe, as to criticise such a book. It cannot be called a failure, for it contains passages and descriptions that would go far to establish the reputation of any writer of the day. You wander through pages in a wilderness of words, and when in your weariness you feel disposed to cry out that all is barren, your eye is greeted with a sunny smiling spot of verdure, so refreshing that you feel compensated for the trouble which had cost you to reach it. Neal's works are standing examples of the truth of the observation that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. But there is something about them all that impress you with the idea that their author is a man of power.—We must say that from the hasty pursual which we have given this work we have not been able to discover the plot. It is rather a connexion of tales and sketches, than a regular connected story. The book will no doubt be extensively read.—[N. Y. Standard.]

Cement for Stoves. A mixture of salt and ashes for the crevices to be guarded against the intrusion of smoke, in stoves and pipes, is more durable than the ordinary morter of lime and sand; besides being more convenient to obtain. [L. I. Farmer.]

The biters bit.—The Evening Star tells a good story of a laborer who applied for employment at a store in Washington street, New York, and was facetiously told by the clerks, that they wished to employ a man to take up a brick which lay on the sidewalk, carry it directacross the street, lay it down on a certain spot on the opposite walk, and having done so pick it up, retrace his steps, and lay it down where he first found it—that they wished it followed, without intermission, for a whole day, for which they would pay the sum of twelve shillings. The applicant signified his assent to the bargain—but the mater was entirely forgotten until the next morning, when he appeared, and commenced his labors—which he pursued, in spite of rain and merriment, from 7 o'clock in the morning till six in the afternoon. When he presented himself for payment, he remarked, that his application was not for charity, but for an opportunity to earn the means of subsistence. The twelve shillings were paid him, and something extra given him for his industry.

A "fat take."—The editor of the Hempstead (L. I.) Enquirer, duns his subscribers *obliquely* by announcing that, on the 7th inst. he was presented with *four healthy children*—and ventures to say that he shall not have a subscriber in arrears after the expiration of ten days. He is happy to announce to distant friends that the mother is doing well, and that the children (a son and three daughters) are likely to become members of his profession. We should think pork, beans, corn, and all other produce (except children) would be taken in payment for papers at his office.—[Boston Post.]

Education—Property. There is no office higher than that of teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character of the child No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guides and guardians of their children. To this good, all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in every thing else.—They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy, which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, and impover shes his heart. There should be no economy in education. Money should never be weighed against the soul of a child. It should be poured out like water, for the child's intellectual and moral life. *Dr. Channing.*

A Scotch paper mentions that a preparation of lime has been made which eradicates the beard, and saves forever the labor, the expense and pains of shaving. A gentleman in this country who tried it, declares that he found it to *exceed* his expectations. It not only took off all the beard, but the skin also.

Col. Homilton's Men and Manners in America. A writer in the Kingston, U. C. Chronicle, declares that he feels the force of the graphic sketch of the United States, which is given by this traveller, but that his remarks in regard to Upper Canada betray a want of observation and which is scarcely pardonable; that they are rash, indecnrous, intemperate, and unjust, We believe it is by no means unusual to feel the force and strictures which are applied to one's neighbors; it is only when one himself becomes the object of them, that they appear in their true light.

Death of Judge Martin. The death of this gentleman, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in South Carolina, took place at Georgetown on the 17th inst. He complained of a chill on the 16th, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. He was formerly a member of Congress, and his death is greatly regretted.

Political Ambition. Who that for the last ten years has been an attentive observer of the rise and fall of political parties—of the glory and subsequent shame of some of our most able and distinguished statesmen, can doubt that this change is, indeed, inherent in all earthly things. There are none, we presume, but would be astonished, if they were to recall their observations during this brief period, at the many great and useful men, whom unsatiated ambition and disappointed hopes have driven from the field of usefulness and honor to "seek by reptilism a reptile's power." It has been too truly said that "the histories of fallen statesmen are only histories of the miserable decreptitude of human nature." Raised by meritorious exertions, or fortuitous circumstances, to "fame's giddy height," frail man is too apt to become intoxicated with his success, and to "sigh for other worlds to conquer," when he is himself the slave of a single passion within; too potent for his feeble strength to grapple with, if not too subtle for his weakened and disordered intellect to grasp. There are a few examples of contented greatness—whose possessor has seen in time, the precipice which yawns before unbridled lust for power, and has happily found himself possessed of solidity enough to let the tempter pass unheeded. We ought to view such an example with pious reverence—as it is an oasis in the desert of political strife—a phenomenon in political science, rare enough to excite astonishment, and worthy enough to attract esteem and admiration. [Boston Statesman.]

NOTICE.

The friends of the cause of *Temperance*, in the town of Paris and vicinity are respectfully and earnestly invited to attend a meeting to be held at Lincoln Hall, on Wednesday the first day of January next, at one o'clock in the afternoon—where an Address will be delivered by the Hon. STEPHEN EMERY—and a Temperance Society formed to be call the "PARIS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY."

MARRIED.

In Bridgewater, N. H. Mr. Benjamin Clough of Sanbornton, to Miss Caroline Bowers of B.—both deaf and dumb. The scene was a novel one. The marriage ceremony was performed in writing; it being presented, each assented, and they were pronounced married, agreeable to the laws of the State.

DIED.

In Harmony, Simon, son of Henry Lombard, aged 9 months and 21 days.

In Buckland, Va. Mrs. Catharine Shannaman, aged 110 years—a native of Pennsylvania.

NO MISTAKE!!

THE Subscriber, being about to leave the place, will leave his BOOKS with SIMEON NORRIS, until the *first* of *January* next—after that time they will be left with an *ATTORNEY* for collection if not *previously settled.*

ALBERT G. ROBINSON.

Paris-Hill, Dec. 10, 1833. is3w10

NOTICE.

Came into the en-closure of the subscriber about the last of November, a yearling heifer, of a redish color; the owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1833. 3w17

PROSPECTUS

Of a Newspaper published in the City of Washington.

AND ENTITLED

THE MODERATOR.

IT will be the aim of the Editor to conduct this paper upon the broad principles of republicanism, in the Jeffersonian sense of the term. Actuated, as he trusts, by an ardent desire to contribute his humble support to these principles, be ventured, in his first prospectus, to express a prefrence for the Hon. John M'Lean, of Ohio, as a candidate for the next Presidency. In honestly and openly repeating this avowal, he disclaims all design of improper interference with the public sentiment; and while it is his determination to yield a firm support to Mr. McLean, as a Presidential candidate, he does not intend to make the existence of his paper to depend solely, or even chiefly, upon its devotion to the interests of any individual. The MODERATOR is to be a republican journal; and it is to that confidence which fidelity to republican principles can alone secure, that the Editor mainly looks for support. It is because, under the present circumstances of our country, he believes John M'Lean to be the man best calculated to give efficient action to republican principles, and not on account of any personal considertiaons, that he advocates his political elevation.

THE MODERATOR is published weekly, at two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid within three months from the time of subscribing, or three dollars payable at the end of the year. The sheet is large, the typographical execution neat, and it will be the aim of the Editor, by industry, care, and elaborate condensation of matter, to present weekly a brief and impartial notice of *every thing* of prominent interest in the political world. A Washington paper of this description has long been a desideratum. There are many individuals in our large towns and cities, and scattered throughout our country, who dislike the tax of a daily or tri-weekly paper, but who, its believed, will readily contribute their support to a well conducted weekly. It is to meet this want, in part at least, that the weekly form has been chosen.

Letters relating to the editorial department may be addressed to WILLIAM R. COLLIER, Washington City; and business letters to the publisher, JOHN M'DONALD.

Washington, Nov. 6, 1833.

Terms of the Moderator.

1. Price to individual subscribers, $2,50 per annum, in advance; or, $3, payable at the end of the year. If the cash is paid within three months from the time of subscribing, the payment will be considered in advance.

2. Companies of five or more, subscribing and paying through a single agent, shall be entitled to receive their papers at $2 each per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months, as above; or, at $2,50 each, payable at the end of the year.

**Postmasters are requested to act as agents

☞Subscriptions to the TRI-WEEKLY MODERATOR, which will be issued as soon as circumstances will permit, are solicited. Terms, $5 per annum.

Editors with whom we exchange will please give the above a few insertions.

BLANKS FOR SALE, by

ISAAC HARLOW.

Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833

House for Sale or to Let.

FOR Sale or to Let a good House, together with a good barn and one quarter of an acre of land, handsomely situated in the pleasant village of Norway. It is a fine situation for a Mechanic and will be sold at a great bargain. Terms of Payment liberal. For further particulars inquire of the subscriber upon the premises. WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833, 3wis16

MANTUA MAKING & MILLINERY.

MRS. W. W. GOODNOW, Respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has just received the Fall and Winter Fashions for all kinds of Dress-making and Millinery, and will be happy to receive the continuance of their patronage. She has on hand and for sale an elegant assortment of Millinery, *cheap* for Cash.

Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833. 3wis 16

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.

THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAISE Making business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Aug. 5, 1833. 6m] ROBERT SKILLINGS.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connexion in business under the firm of SMITH & BENNETT, and have taken the Store near the Mills, formerly occupied by J. B Smith, where they have for sale on the most reasonable terms for cash, country produce, or credit, a good assortment of W. I. Goods and Groceries, English and American Goods, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware, School Books and Stationery, Paints, Medicines, &c. &c. making in all a *very extensive variety* of seasonable goods. Former customers of the subscribers are respectfully invited to call.

JONATHAN B. SMITH,
ANTHONY BENNETT.

Norway-Village, Nov. 16, 1833.

SMITH & BENNETT will carry on the Potash heretofore improved by A. Bennett, and wish to receive ashes in exchange for Goods at their *cash prices.*

Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833. tf 16

School Books, &c.

E. LIVERMORE has transferred the stock of School Books and Stationery formerly kept at the Oxford Bookstore to the Subscribers, which he is authorized to sell at the following prices for CASH, viz:

American First Class Book, 75 cts.; National Reader, 50, Introduction to do. 25, Analytical Reader 25, Sequel to do. 50, Young Reader 17, Goodrich's History of the U. S. 42, National Spelling Book 17, Introduction to do. 8, Webster's do. 12 1-2, Whelpley's Compend 75, Parley's Geography 25, Ingersol's Grammar 50, Fisk's do. 50, Greenleaf's do. 50, Campbell's 8, Walker's Dictionary 30, Webster's do. 71, Smith's Arithmetic 24, North American do. 1st part 10, do. 2d part 30, Temple's do. 25, Kinne's do. 42, Colburn's do. 25, do. sequel 67, Walche's do. 67, Pronouncing Testaments 30, do. 12 1-2, Bibles 34.

ALSO—At prices equally low, Student's Companion, Worcester's Primer, Worcester's 2d Book, Jackson's and other Arithmetics, Manuscripts, Writing Books, Noyes' Penmanship, Slates, Paper, Ink and every other article of the kind used in schools

—LIKEWISE—

All the Patent Medicines, and Agencies for the same, formerly kept at the Oxford Bookstore either by Asa Barton or E. Livermore,—Among which are Thompson's Eye Water, Lee's Windham Pills, Deane's Pills, Jewett's Vegetable Pills, Anderson's Cough Drops, British Oil, Essence Spruce, Salt Rheum Ointment, Brown's Drops for Fits, Itch Ointment, Opodeldoc, Germani Elixor, Turlington's Balsam of Life, Oil Soap, Aromatic Snuff, Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, &c. &c.

SMITH & BENNETT.

I have transferred all the Patent Medicines formerly kept by me, together with the Agencies for the same to Smith and Bennett.—Purchasers may depend upon finding the genuine articles by applying to them.

E. LIVERMORE.

Norway-Village, Nov 11, 1833. 3mis13

New Store.

CUSHMAN & PHILLIPS,

HAVE taken the Store formerly occupied by R. & L. G. S. Boyd on the corner of Exchange and Middle Streets, and are now opening an entire new Stock of,

Dry Goods,

Among which are the following, viz: about 150 pieces of 3-4 and 6-4 ENGLISH and FRENCH

Merinos,

BLACK and COL'D GRO DE NAPLES and GRO DE SWISS SILKS from 2-6 to 6 shillings the yard.
BLACK, BLUE, BROWN, MULBERRY & DRAB BROAD CLOTHS.
SURTOUT cloths and CASSIMERES,
OLIVE and DRAB PETERSHAMS,
BLUE and BROWN CAMLETS,
BOCKING & FLANNEL for LININGS,
FURNITURES and LINING CAMBRICS;
Flag, Silk, Bandannas and Pongee Handk'fs, (low priced) one Bale Russia DIAPERS, Bro Linen Table Covers, Linens, Long Lawns, Linen Cambrics, Linen Hdk'fs, Thibet do, checkr'd and corded Cambrics, Book and Swiss Muslin, Green and White Blond Gauze Veils, Green Barrage, Suspenders, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. &c.

London Rose Blankets,

7-4 8-4 9-4 10-4 11-4 & 12-4.

DOMESTICS.

Sheetings, Shirtings, Drills, Checks, Tickings, Warp, Yarns, Battings, Wadding, &c. &c. All of which will be sold at the lowest price for CASH.

ALSO—WANTED AS ABOVE,

2000 yds. all WOOL and COTTON & WOOL FLANNELL.
1000 yds FULLED CLOTH.

Portland, Oct. 31, 1833. 2mis12

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES,
Black, Blue, Browns, Olive, Green and Mixt.
FLANNELS,
White, Yellow, Red and Green, OF ALL QUALITIES.
PLAIDS & CAMLETS,
of every description, CHEAP.
ROSE BLANKETS,
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, 12-4, OF GOOD QUALITY.
RUSSIA DIAPERS,
1 bale of 50 pieces, at low prices, by yard or piece.

WANTED,

3000 yards domestic all Wool and Cotton & Wool Flannels. 500 yds. Full'd Cloths.—Also, white, black, red & blue Mixt, Woollen Yarns, for which fair prices will be given, in exchange for Goods.

W. B. LITTLE,
No. 1, Mitchell's Buildings.

Sept 18, 1833. 6m3

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness and despatch at this

OFFICE

POETRY.

THE MASTER HAND,

BY MRS. NORTON.

And dost thou say my heart is cold,
Because thine eye cannot discover
(As round its jealous glance is rolled
On glittering crowds) one welcome lover?
And dost thou think I cannot love,
Because *thy* suit my lips reprove?

Oh, valueless the wind-harp's tone,
Which, swept by summer's careless breezes,
Gives forth a wild uncertain moan,
As often as the zephyr pleases,
Who marks its faint and careless sigh?
Once heard, it hath no melody.

But when the stricken lyre, which long
Hath hung upon the wall decaying,
Breathes out its soul of love and song,
Obedient to the minstril's playing,
And to its master's touch alone
Responds with loud and plaintive tone,—

Then, *then* the power of music breaks
The spell that bound our calmer feeling,
And every slumbering passion wakes
In answer to its wild appealing;
Till our swoln hearts, to full for words,
Die trembling on those quivering chords.

Years bring no change. Even though we stand
Where cold the ministsel's form is lying,
Fancy shall see that skilful hand
Once more among the sweet strings flying;
And music's floating notes shall come,
To mock the silence of the tomb.

And many an hour and many a day,
Shall memory please herself by bringing
Small scattered fragments of the lay,
That hung upon that wild harp's ringing,—
Though summer breeze caress in vain,
And soulless hands awake no strain.

Even so the heart, that, sad and cold,
Warms not beneath thy careless wooing,
Hath known love's power in days of old,
And worshipped—to its own undoing;
And many a passion, quiet now,
Hath glowed upon my faded brow.

And still perchance the day may come,
When, from its halls of silence taken,
That heart, in its deserted home,
To life and love and joy shall waken.
It hath the music at command;
But thine is not the master's hand.

[From the Pittsburg Friend.]

WHAT A FEW YEARS CAN DO.

"I was always fond of visiting new scenes and observing strange characters and manners."

[Sketch Book.]

About the middle of April, four years since, in a western travel, I visited a small village on the north bank of the Ohio. It was a new settlement, and the only building of note in the place was the residence of a relative of the name of Dermond. The edifice overlooked the river, which flowed in a wide and beautiful channel a quarter of a mile distant. A porch in front of the house afforded a delightful retreat in the sultry afternoons. A little way below, about twenty log cabins figured in the irregular lines which comprised the extent of the village. I remained here some weeks, and soon formed a strict friendship with young Dermond—a youth of a noble disposition in many things, but entertaining strange and haughty notions of family gentility, which he displayed on all occasions in his intercourse with his humble townsmen One afternoon in the heat of a discussion, one of those showers which have procured for April the epithet of "the inconstant," among the months, broke suddenly over the country. Mrs. Dermond now came to the porch where we were seated and requested her son's umbrella, stating that a young girl a resident of the town, was in the house who desired to return home immediately, having left an infant brother alone in a cradle by an open window, where the rain must now be breaking in. Upon ascertaining the name of the girl, he laughed and calling the hired man, bade him take the old umbrella and "gallant Lowell's daughter home." In a few minutes the couple passed down before the porch when the laughter of my friend became excessive at the "burlesque of gallantry," as he termed it. The maiden, conscious that she was exposed awkwardly to our view, walked with a downcast look and reserved step, whilst her escort with bustling attention held over her a shattered, leaky umbrella, and ever and anon lifted her up in his arms across the swelling rivulets. At length Dermond, turned to me, observed that the girl was the daughter of a boatman who was then trading down the river, with a small cargo of spirits. Her mother was dead and she was compelled to labor during her father's absence, to support herself and her infant brother.

The atmosphere was clear and the country looked delightful the next morning, as I started down the river. The road for a long way was lined with trees. Among them was the service-berry now in full bloom. I felt a wish springing up to spend my life in such a place.

In a tour through Kentucky last autumn I was induced to visit the Dermonds once more. I crossed the river a few miles below the village, and employed myself as I approached it, in musing on the changes time had wrought. The woods and groves, which formerly I had so much admired, were all gone, and yellow cornfields occupied their place.—Here and there stood a tall oak or cypress, as a shade tree, wailing in the breeze, as it were in lamentation for its perished fellows. It, thought I, that sacred charm inspires the soul, when contemplating after a long lapse of time the places of former resort, the tree, the hill, or the stream, that serves as a remembrance of some hour of glee, if this blest feeling is but a dreamy phantasm of the mind—a hallucination, as some would contend, that vanishes at the approach of clear reason, may the pleasing delusion ever encircle me!—My musings vanished with the wind, as my horse started at the rapid approach of a gig before me. A gentleman and lady dressed after the engravings of fashion, were whirled past, seeming, by their inattention to the country and to myself, to hold the universe without them as a blank.—I turned a hill, when the prospect burst upon my eyes like a scene of enchantment. A beautiful town, with large and regular streets—a court house and a lofty church with shining steeples greeted my sight. All seemed new and tasteful. I rode up the principal street and thought within myself that the tenants of the cabins had moved farther west, and a higher order of society had supplanted them, with whom my friend might associate without compromising his exalted notions.—After some inquiry I found Mr. Dermond's residence, which had received such a brushing up of late, that I hardly recognized it.—The bricks were painted over and lined; the porch had received a new coat of white; and tin spouts had been erected along the roof.—It looked extremely well. Mrs. Dermond welcomed me in, and I soon found that time had not the least chiled her hospitable feelings. After some time she informed me that her son was engaged to be married in a few days to a Miss Lowel, the daughter of a rich trader, and that he had taken his intended but half an hour before on an evening ride down the river. At mention of the name and the occupation of the father, a thought darted through my mind, and I hastily inquired if they had long been residents of the place. She answered with a slight blush that they were among the first settlers. I now ascertained, to my inexpressible surprise, that the fashionable Mrs. Lowell was the self same maiden whom the hired man had escorted under the leaky umbrella! In a short time the gig I had met on the river bank rolled up to the door; young Dermond jumped out, and with the grace of an Italian handed into the house his amiable intended. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes all animation, as he welcomed me and gave me an introduction. During the evening much was said about the coming nuptails, and I was entreated to wait with them and partake of the weading feast. Miss Lowell came to me and whispered she would give me some pound cake to sleep on; she then walked gracefully across the room to a sofa. Dermond himself escorted her home that evening, and held over her a parasol, although the sun was low.

REDMOND.

Mr. Cobbett. William Muscles is a powerful man; he is one of the people, to the backbone; of the old school of radicals;—he hates the philosophers like poison. He thinks Thistlewood a glorious fellow: and no words can express his hatred of William Pitt. He has got at last into Parliament, which he always declared he could convince in a fortnight that he was the sole person in the universe fit to govern England; whenever he speaks, he says one word about England to fifty about America. Presidents with five thousand a year, are the visions that float forever in his brain: he seeth not the speaker of the House of Commons should have more than a hundred a year; he knoweth many an honest man among his constituents who would be speaker for less.—He accuses the aristocracy of an absolute and understood combination to cheat the good citizens of his borough. He thinketh that Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel meet in private, to consult how they may most tax the working class. He hateth the Jews because they don't plough. He has no desire that the poor man should be instructed. He considereth the cry against taxes on knowledge as sheer cant. He hath a mortal hatred to Muscums, and asketh the utility of insects. His whole thought for the poor is how they shall get bread and bacon; he despiseth the man who prefereth tea to ale. He is thoroughly English; no other land could have produced the bones and gristles of his mind. He writeth a plain, strong style, and uttereth the monstrous incredibilities, as if they were indisputable. He thinks fine words and good periods utter abomination. He esteemeth himself before all men. He believes that the ministers have consulted several times on the necessity of poisoning him. He is indignant if others pretend to serve the people; they are his property. He is the incarnation of popular prejudices and natural sense. He is changeable as a weather-cock, because he is all passion. He is the living representative of the old John Bull, when he dies he will leave no like; it was the work of centuries to amalagamate so much talent, nonsense, strength, and foibles, in one man of five feet eight; he is the old radical; the great aboriginal of annual parliamentarism; he is the land-mark of reform fifty years ago; you may white-wash and put new characters on him, but he sticketh still in the same place; he is not to be moved to suit the whims of the philosophers. He hath done his work: a machine excellent at its day-course, huge, massive, and uncouth: not being easily put out of order, but never perfectly going right. People have invented new machines, all better for being less rude; and regulated by a wiser principle, though wrong from a less strong material.—*Bulwer's England and the English.*

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having contracted with the town of Turner, to take care of Jotham Briggs and wife, town paupers, for the current year, and they having left the suitable provision which he has made for them; he therefore cautions all persons against trusting them on his account, or of said town, as no debts of their contracting will be paid either by himself, or the town aforesaid. MARTIN HARRIS.

Turner, Nov. 18, 1833. 3w15

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.

SUKEY SIAS Executrix of the last will and testament of William Sias late of Livermore in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased

ORDERED,

That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Livermore in said County, on the eighteenth day of September next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have why the same should not be allowed. STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

LYMAN RAWSON Administrator of the estate of David Lufkin late of Rumford in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

ORDERED,

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the first Tuesday of January next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. STEPHEN EMERY. *Judge.*

Copy, Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

STEPHEN BARTLETT Administrator of the estate of Peregrine Bartlett late of Bethel in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

ORDERED—

That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed in Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*

Copy, Attest; JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

JAMES STARR Administratior of the estate of David Stearns late of Waltham in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

ORDERED—

That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the first Tuesday of January next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

REUEL WASHBURN named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Isaac Lovewell late of Livermore in said county deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—

That the said Reuel Washburn give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the seventeenth day of December next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*

Copy, Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register*

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-sixth day of November in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three.

WILLIAM PRATT named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Hannah Barrows late of Hebron in said county Widow deceased, having presented the same for probate:

ORDERED—

That the said William Pratt give notice to to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed in Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County on the first Tuesday of January next at ten o'clock in the forenoon and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, *Judge.*

Copy Attest: JOSEPH G. COLE, *Register.*

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

NATHAN STEARNS,

late of Bethel in the county of Oxford, yeoman deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to BARBOUR BARTLETT.

Bethel, Nov. 26, 1833. 3w16

The subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

NATHAN KNAPP,

late of Rumford in the county of Oxford, Esquire deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased'sestate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to DAVID KNAPP.

Rumford, Nov. 26, 1833. 16 *

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Executrix of the last Will and Testament of

NICHOLAS SMITH,

late of Paris in the county of Oxford yeoman deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to REBECCA SMITH.

Paris, Nov. 26, 1833. *

Administrator's Sale.

TO be sold at public auction agreeably to license from the Probate Court for the county of Oxford on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of January next at one o'clock P. M. at the house of Isaac Knight late of Bethel in said County deceased, (now occupied by Samuel McAllaster) so much of the real estate of said Knight as will produce the sum of one hundred dollars for the payment of his debts, incidental charges and charges of administration.

Said real estate lies in Bethel aforesaid and consists of about one hundred and seventy acres of good land, a dwelling house and barn on the same. Subject to the incumbrance of the widows dower, the reversion of which will be sold if necessary. Terms made known at the time of sale.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Adm'r.

Paris, Nov 26, 1833. 3w16

THE ATHENIAN,

AND

LITERARY GAZETTE.

WITH a view to meet the wishes, as well as the wants of the public, it is contemplated to issue, on or about the first of January next, a new paper

DEVOTED TO

The Fine Arts, the Drama, News, and General Miscellany, and embracing Original Essays, Poetry, Tales, Sketches of American Scenery, Biography, Rules of Life, Scientific and Literary Intelligence, &c.

Besides a department of light reading, particular attention will be paid to that under the head of "Reviews"—in which all new works, whether of domestic or foreign origin, will be critically noticed. The Spy will be superceded by "The Athenian" on the termination of the present year, and each subscriber will be furnished with a copy, which will not only contain a much greater *quantity*, but also a far greater *variety* of useful and important matter; and every exertion will be used to sustain fully the character of the Prospectus, as well as to keep pace with the improvements, the knowledge, and the rising spirit of the age.

In order to render the publication complete in every department, arrangements have been made for an acquition of valuable assistance; and as soon as the patronage will warrant, a series of ENGRAVINGS, illustrative of celebrated structures or distinguished individuals, will periodically accompany the work

THE ATHENIAN being uncircumscribed in its utility, will be equally devoted to every section of the Union, and will comprehend every subject which may be worthy of observation or productive of interest.

Aware that the offer of rewards to literary aspirants has elicited some highly creditable specimens of American literature,—which will be the particular aim of The Athenian to encourage,—premiums for a variety of such articles as are suitable for its columns, will be offered early in January. As the amount must depend greatly on the patronage received, and as the publishers are desirous of exercising a degree of liberality that will afford a sufficient inducement for competition of a higher order, they cannot but hope that the public generally will second their endeavors to generate and foster native talent.

With a view to accommodate the public with semi-annual opportunities of subscribing to this work, the publishers will issue it in two volumes, each containing 26 weekly numbers, and comprising 416 pages; thus, the Athenian will present, within the year, *Eight Hundred & Thirty-two pages* of wellselected and original reading, upon every subject likely to interest the public. This, it will be readily admitted, gives to this publication a claim which no other weekly quarto in the United States can advance, as they contain but half its intended number of pages, and charge double the amount of its subscription. Of the quality of its subjects it would be superfluous to speak, as it is not only pleasanter, but safer to judge by practice than profession. It may, however, not be unnecessary to say that it will be, in every sense worthy of preservation; and will make two handsome volumes, annually, with each of which an accurate and copious index will be furnished.

Such arrangements have also been effected with the most popular publishers in London, Edinburgh and Dublin, as will put the Athenian in possession of the earliest editions of the works of merit, and the principal journals published in these cities. Its readers will thus have the latest literary information of works, progressing through, as well as of those but newly issued from the press; and also the earliest receipt of such news as those journals may communicate. It is the *determination* of the publishers of the Athenian, to issue bulletins from its office, that those papers at a distance which shall notice the alterations proposed for this paper, & insert the present advertisement in full, shall possess the immediate advantage of such arrivals. In addition to these arrangements they are either negociating for, or have actually engaged the aid of some of the first literary characters of the day, thus making ample provision for the full success of the undertaking as far as depends upon *their* exertions.

Historical, Dramatic, Biographical, and Poetic contributions will be diligently and promptly attended to, and are respectfully solicited. Booksellers and publishers of literary works, music, and prints, will find "The Athenian" a very convenient medium for their advertisements which will be conspicuously inserted under the department expressly devoted to this object, and on the most liberal terms—and such of them as may wish a critical notice of their books should send them in as early in the week as possible. All communications must be post paid and addressed to BLACKWOOD & CO.

No. 1, Athenian Buildings, Philadelphia.

TERMS, &c.—THE ATHENIAN will be printed on a superior quality of double royal paper, folded and stitched in the quarto form, and afforded at the unprecedented low price of TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable invariably in advanne.

Companies of five persons, will be entitled to subscribe for six months, by the payment of five dollars; but individuals will be expected to pay $1 25 for six months, or two dollars for the year.

Agents will be allowed a discount of 10 per cent. on all subscribers they obtain, by remitting or becoming responsible for them. They will also be entitled to a copy gratuitously.

In proposing this improvement, the publishers present their heart-felt thanks to those who have inserted the prospectus of the Spy and trust that a similar favor may be bestowed upon them by an editorial notice of the change, the insertion of the preceding prospectus, and the discontinuation of that of the Spy. They will also please to observe that their many favors are justly appreciated, and that the publishers are desirous, by the punctual transmission of their bulletins, to reciprocate the compliment.

GOOD & CHEAP.

JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries.

Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are new and fresh, and will be sold on an avarage, quite as low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.

☞ Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.

South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE

☞ ITCH!! ☜

HOWEVER inveterate, in *one hour's application, and no danger from taking cold*, by using DUMFRIES' OINTMENT. This preparation, for pleasantness, safety, expedition, ease, and certainty, *stands unrivalled* for the cure of this troublesome complaint. It is so rapid, as well as certain in its operation, as to cure this disagreeable disorder most effectually in one hour's application only!

It does not contain the least particle of mercury, or other dangerous ingredient, and may be applied with perfect safety by pregnant females, or to children at the breast. Price 37 1-2 cents a box, with ample directions.

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE

Piles!!

THE Proprietor begs leave to recommend (which he does with the fullest confidence) one of the most valuable remedies for this *troublesome* and *painful* complaint. Without going into detail, he deems it enough to say, he has in his possession the most undoubted testimonials that it has *more completely answered the purpose for which it is intended*, than any other popular medicine.

This remedy is perfectly innocent in its application, to all conditions, ages, and sexes. Full directions, description of the complaint, &c. accompany each packet, which consists of two boxes, *Ointment and Electuary.*

Price $1 for the whole, or 50 cents if but one of the articles is wanted.

☞ None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the *sole proprietor*, T. KIDDER, *immediate successor* to the late Dr. W. T. CONWAY.—For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court-st., near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by Smith and Bennett, Norway Village, who have also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him. ci5woy Aug. 5.

THE PEARL

AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, LEGANDS, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY, &c.

ISAAC C. PRAY, JR. EDITOR.

VOLUME III.

IT will be issued in simi-monthly numbers, each containing eight large quarto pages of miscellaneous and interesting matter, printed on a royal sheet of fine paper, embellished, monthly, with a piece of music for the Piano Forte. A handsome title page and index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautiful printed volume of 208 pages. It will be forwarded—enclosed in strong wrappers—to any part of the United States, by the earliest mails.

Each number will be accompanied by a printed cover, filled principally with advertisments, and as much as possible with those of new books, works in press, &c.

☞ TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Postmasters and Agents will receive six copies by sending ten dollars.

All letters of business, and remittences must be directed to The Pearl, Hartford, Conn.

Communications may be directed to the editor. Postage in *all cases* must be paid.

WILLIAM A. HAWLEY, *Publisher.*

HARTFORD, AUG. 1833.

THE AGE---*DAILY.*

THE subscribers propose to resume the publication of the DAILY AGE, during the next session of the Legislature.

It will be printed, as heretofore, on the half of a large sheet, in the usual form, at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR for the session.

Any person procuring six subscribers, and remitting the amount of their subscription, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper.

Containing an early and correct account of the proceedings of the Legislature, and impartial sketches of the more important and exciting debates, it will be read with present interest, and form a convenient and valuable volume for future reference. Political matter of interest and notices of passing events will aid in giving it the variety usually sought for in the columns of a newspaper.

The publication is laborious and expensive, and cannot be sustained without a large number of subscribers. We rely upon the liberality and exertions of our Friends, to render the burden as light as possible. I. BERRY & CO.

MAINE DAILY JOURNAL.

LUTHER SEVERANCE will continue the publication of the MAINE DAILY JOURNAL during the ensuing session of the Legislature. The Journal when bound makes a very pretty volume, and is convenient for preservation and future reference as well as present reading, giving a full and tolerably accurate account of the legislative proceedings of the year, with other current matter, all for the small sum of ONE DOLLAR. It ought to be in the possession of every politician.

The publication of the Daily Journal, with the debates in both houses of the Legislature, involves considerable expense and much labor, which can only be remunerated by a handsome list of subscribers. To obtain these the publisher relies on the friendly influence of those who have been his readers heretofore, not only political friends, but all who wish for a faithful and impartial report of legislative proceedings.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The demands due them, will remain a few weeks with Asa Thayer Jr., after which, they will be left with an Attorney for collection, if not paid.

TIMOTHY FORD,
ASA THAYER Jr.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1833. 10 tf

Strayed

FROM the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 1st of October, last, a dark brown or black COLT, one year old, with a star in his forehead. Whoever will return said Colt, or give information where he may be found, shall be liberally rewarded.

SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON.

Washburns Mills, Paris, Nov. 11 1833. 13tf

☞ NOTICE. ☜

WHEREAS Mehitable Moulton, my wife, has left my bed and board, without sufficient cause, this is to forbid all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

PERKINS P. MOULTON.

Bethel, Oct. 8, 1833.

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